MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. XII **MARCH, 1917** **No. 1**

FROM "LEAVES OF GRASS"

By Walt Whitman

I DREAM'D in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dreamed that was the new city of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love; it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

* * *

WHAT think you I take my pen in hand to record?
The battle-ship, perfect-modell'd, majestic, that I saw pass the offing to-day under full sail?
The splendours of the past day? or the splendour of the night that envelops me?
Or the vaunted glory and growth of the great city spread around me?—no;
But merely of two simple men I saw to-day on the pier in the midst of the crowd, parting the parting of dear friends,
The one to remain hung on the other's neck and passionately kiss'd him,
While the one to depart tightly prest the one to remain in his arms.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WITH this issue the twelfth volume of MOTHER EARTH begins.

Our old friends and readers know that this magazine, when it started in March, 1906, eleven years ago, was not merely a venture but an adventure, and in the meantime events, circumstances, persecution and prosecution, lack of funds, increase of the cost of printing and paper have taken good care that this adventurous character is still with us.

All signs indicate that the now starting twelfth year will turn out to be one of hot fighting and passionate devotion to the ideals which urged the publication and continuance of the magazine in spite of all difficulties. The old slogan: The earth free for the free individual, breaking the fetters of spiritual despotism and material slavery will resound again and with greater force.

In this struggle, grownig fiercer in the face of war, reaction, and increasing vicious persecution, we hope to find friends and comrades in solidarity lined up with MOTHER EARTH, doing their duty as good fighters for freedom, as we promise to do ours.

* * *

THE Political Prisoners Ball (see announcement) for New York and vicinity will be the most important affair in these days of blind national antagonism and malignant hatred.

From all the countries at war and not at war we have with us men and women who fought the battle of liberty on their native soil and had to go to prison for it. From Russia, Germany, Austria, Ireland, England, France, Italy, Spain, Armenia, Mexico, India, Japan, China, they came to this country only to find out soon that our "Cradle of Liberty" is altogether too narrow and too rickety a piece of furniture to safeguard a comfortable haven of rest to a hunted volunteer of freedom's army The assembly at the International Convicts' Ball will in itself be a huge joke and satire on the claims of all the governments of the various "fatherlands" that they send their "Landeskinder" by the hundred thousands into sure death just for the noble cause of truth and liberty. Surely

the convicts at the ball will have to tell a very different story.

The committee of the International Prisoners Ball would have been very glad to invite and welcome also the convicts of Blackwell's Island, Queen's County Jail, Sing Sing, Dannemore, etc. But the officials of these institutions naturally have a keen aversion against showing in public the results of their educational endeavors and reforms. And therefore a permit would hardly be forthcoming for the occasion.

Nobody can afford not to go to the ball, be he or she an ex-convict or just an ordinary desirable or undesirable citizen.

* * *

HOW democracy and sovereignity of the people are looked upon and estimated in the editorial conclaves of the daily papers, a few sentences from a leading article of the Evening Sun on the food riots may fittingly illustrate.

After pointing out that there are several roads open to governmental intervention, the writer continues:

> First of all there is that good old remedy for all conceivable ills, a legislative investigation. Of course it is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, an expensive humbug; but it is a sort of safety valve. It may—almost certainly will, never come to anything, but it gives the people an impression of sympathetic interest on the part of their rulers and so enshrouds the subject in dullness and delay that popular excitement instead of exploding is smothered in boredom.

That alleged historical cynicism of the French queen who on the eve of Revolution said if the people hadn't any bread they might eat cake, is not in it compared with these cynical cruel lines of an American newspaper writer. The man is apparently convinced that the American people are such a low, dull, and passive lot, that they will stand for any and every kind of humbug, deception and oppression.

* * *

UNITED STATES army officers, whose business it is to devise schemes in order to lure boys into the army, have resorted in some parts of the country to the help of "female charm." They send girls out as missionaries and other ladies who sing patriotic stanzas are posted in company with a military music band near the recruiting

booths for the purpose of propagating patriotism and love for the country. But no success, it is reported, has so far crowned the great patriotic effort.

Could not Billy Sunday and his mamma be persuaded to go into this alluring business? They are such wonderful experts in driving people into a dull heaven. Why should they not just as well be successful in driving them into hell? Let the patrons of Billy's vomiting-campaign, the Wanamakers, Rockefellers, etc., attend immediately to this very important national business.

* * *

BIRTH Control Propaganda is continually disturbing peace and stagnation in Cleveland, O. Were it not for the fact that the morals of the town are taken care of by a "vice squad," people would be inclined to think that the ideas of birth control well sustained by independent science, reason and good sense had gained full sway. There are some very quiet aristocratic avenues in Cleveland, where it is not much spoken of. One does not meet crowds of children there as in the poorer districts. The ladies who live there do not bother about the repeal of the law which makes the distribution of information a crime because they practice birth control in their own way without asking Judge Dan Cull for his permission. In the other quarters it's different, there thousands of women would like to know all about it.

But the Catholic priests and the judges keep good watch and the vice squad supplies the detectives.

After Judge Dan Cull had sentenced Dr. Ben. Reitman to serve 6 months in the workhouse and pay $1,000 fine, stretching the law to the extreme limit, another trail was taken up.

On the charge of having distributed "immoral literature" Mrs. Ralph D. Mitchell has been arrested and placed under $500 bail. At the home of Mrs. Mitchell a police lieutenant and two patrolmen ransacked the corners, cabinets and drawers for birth control literature and really succeeded in finding such dangerous writings as Dr. William J. Robinson's "Limitation of Offspring" and Emma Goldman's "Marriage and Love," sold everywhere for the asking.

THE PROMOTERS OF THE WAR MANIA

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

AT THIS most critical moment it becomes imperative for every liberty-loving person to voice a fiery protest against the participation of this country in the European mass-murder. If the opponents of war, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would immediately join their voices into a thunderous No!, then the horror that now menaces America might yet be averted. Unfortunately it is only too true that the people in our so-called Democracy are to a large extent a dumb, suffering herd rather than thinking beings who dare to give expression to a frank, earnest opinion.

Yet it is unthinkable that the American people should really want war. During the last thirty months they have had ample opportunity to watch the frightful carnage in the warring countries. They have seen universal murder, like a devastating pestilence, eat into the very heart of the peoples of Europe. They saw cities destroyed, entire countries wiped off the map, hosts of dead, millions of wounded and maimed. The American people could not help witnessing the spread of insane, motiveless hatred among the peoples of Europe. They must realize the extent of the famine, the suffering and anguish gripping the war stricken countries. They know, too, that while the men were killed off like vermin, the women and children, the old and the decrepit remained behind in helpless and tragic despair. Why then, in the name of all that is reasonable and humane, should the American people desire the same horrors, the same destruction and devastation upon American soil?

We are told that the "freedom of the seas" is at stake and that "American honor" demands that we protect that precious freedom. What a farce! How much freedom of the seas can the masses of toilers, or the disinherited and the unemployed, ever enjoy? Would it not be well to look into this magic thing, "the freedom of the seas," before we sing patriotic songs and shout hurrah?

The only ones that have benefitted by the "freedom of the seas" are the exploiters, the dealers in munition and food supplies. The "freedom of the seas" has served these unscrupulous American robbers and monopolists as

a pretext to pilfer the unfortunate people of both Europe and America. Out of international carnage they have made billions; out of the misery of the people and the agony of women and children, the American financiers and industrial magnates have coined huge fortunes.

Ask young Morgan. Will he dare admit his tremendous pecuniary gain from the export of munition and food supplies? Of course not. But the truth will out, sometimes. Thus a financial expert recently proved that even old Pierpont Morgan would be astounded could he see the dazzling profits gathered in by his son through war speculations. And, incidentally, do not let us forget that it is this speculation in murder and destruction which is responsible for the criminal increase in the cost of living in our own land. War, famine and the capitalist class are the only gainers in the hideous drama called nationalism, patriotism, national honor and freedom of the seas. Instead of putting a stop to such monstrous crimes, war in America would only increase the opportunities of the profit mongers. That and only that will be the result if the American people will consent to thrust the United States into the abyss of war.

President Wilson and other officials of the administration assure us that they want peace. If that claim held even one grain of truth, the government would have long ago carried out the suggestion of many true lovers of peace to put a stop to the export of munition and food stuffs. Had this shameful trade with the implements of slaughter been stopped at the beginning of the war, the good results for peace would have been manifold.

First, the war in Europe would have been starved out through the stoppage of food exports. Indeed, it is no exaggeration when I say that the war would have been at an end long ago, had the American financiers been prevented from investing billions in war loans and had the American munition clique and food speculators not been given the opportunity to supply warring Europe with the means to keep up the slaughter.

Second, an embargo on exports would have automatically taken out American ships from the war and submarine zones, and would have thus eliminated the much discussed "reason" for war with Germany.

Third, and most important of all, the brazen, artificial increase in the cost of living, which condemns the toiling masses of America to semi-starvation, would be an impossibility were not the great bulk of American products shipped to Europe to feed the fires of war.

Peace meetings and peace protests have no meaning whatever unless the government is challenged to stop the continuance of exports. If for no other reason, this ought to be insisted upon, be it only to prove that Washington is capable of nice phrases, but that it has never made a single determined step for peace. That will help to demonstrate to the American people that the government represents only the capitalists, the International War and Preparedness-Trust, and not the workers. Are then, the people of America good enough only to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the thieving trusts? That is all this wild clamor for war means as far as the masses are concerned.

The attempt to light the torch of the furies of war is the more monstrous when one bears in mind that the people of America are cosmopolitan. If anything, America should be the soil for international understanding, for the growth of friendship between all races. Here, all narrow, stifling national prejudices should be eradicated. Instead, the people are to be thrown into the madness and confusion of war, of racial antagonism and hatred.

True, there never was much love wasted in this country on the unfortunate foreigner, but what about the boast that the Goddess of Liberty holds high the beacon to all oppressed nations? What about America as the haven of welcome? Should all this now become the symbol of national persecution? What can result from it but the pollution of all social relationship? Think of it, war in this country is at present only a possibility, and already the Germans and the Austrians are being deprived of employment, ostracized and spied upon, persecuted and hounded by the jingoes. And that is only a small beginning of what war would bring in its wake.

I do not have to emphasize that I entertain not a particle of sympathy with the Germany of the Hohenzollern or the Austria of the Hapsburgs. But what have the Germans and the Austrians in America—or in their own country, for that matter—to do with the diplomacy and

politics of Berlin or Vienna? It is nothing but blind, cruel national and patriotic madness which would make these people, who have lived, toiled and suffered in this country, pay for the criminal plans and intrigues in Berlin and Vienna palaces.

These millions of Germans and Austrians who have contributed more to the real culture and growth of America than all the Morgans and Rockefellers are now to be treated like enemy aliens, just because Wall Street feels itself checked in its unlimited use of the seas for plunder, robbery and theft from suffering America and bleeding Europe.

Militarism and reaction are now more rampant in Europe than ever before. Conscription and censorship have destroyed every vestige of liberty. Everywhere the governments have used the situation to tighten the militaristic noose around the necks of the people. Everywhere discipline has been the knout to whip the masses into slavery and blind obedience. And the pathos of it all is that the people at large have submitted without a murmur, though every country has shown its quota of brave men that would not be deluded.

The same is bound to take place in America should the dogs of war be let loose here. Already the poisonous seed has been planted. All the reactionary riff-raff, propagandists of jingoism and preparedness, all the beneficiaries of exploitation represented in the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, the Chambers of Commerce, the munition cliques, etc., etc., have come to the fore with all sorts of plans and schemes to chain and gag labor, to make it more helpless and dumb than ever before.

These respectable criminals no longer make a secret of their demand for compulsory military training. Taft, the spokesman of Wall Street, expressed it cynically enough that now, in face of the war danger, the time has come to demand the introduction of compulsory militarism. Subserviently echoing the slogan, principals and superintendants of our schools and colleges are hastening to poison the minds of their pupils with national "ideals" and patriotic forgeries of history to prepare the young generation for "the protection of national honor," which really means the "glory" of bleeding to death for the crooked transactions of a gang of legalized, cowardly

thieves. Mr. Murray Butler, the lick-spittle of Wall Street, is in the lead and many others like him are crawling before the golden calf of their masters. Talk about prostitution! Why, the unfortunate girl in the street is purity itself compared with such mental degeneration.

Added to this process of poisoning are the huge appropriations rushed through by Congress and the state legislatures for the national murder machinery. Sums reaching into the hundreds of millions for the Army and Navy fly through the air within such enticing reach that the Steel Trust and other corporations manufacturing ammunition and war supplies are dissolving in patriotic sentiment and enthusiasm and have already offered their generous services to the country.

Hand in hand with this military preparedness and war mania goes the increased persecution of the workers and their organizations. Labor went wild with enthusiasm and gratitude to the President for his supposed humanity in proclaiming the eight-hour law before election, and now it develops that the law was merely a bait for votes and a shackle for labor. It denies the right to strike and introduces compulsory arbitration. Of course it is common knowledge that strikes have long since been made ineffective by anti-picketing injunctions and the prosecution of strikers, but the Federal eight-hour law is the worst parody on the right to organize and to strike and it is going to prove an additional fetter on labor. In connection with this arbitrary measure goes the proposition to give the President full power in case of war to take control of the railroads and their employees, which would mean nothing less than absolute subserviency and industrial militarism for the workers.

Then there is the systematic, barbarous persecution of radical and revolutionary elements throughout the land. The horrors in Everett, the conspiracy against labor in San Francisco, with Billings and Mooney already sacrificed,—are they mere coincidences? Or do they not rather signify the true character of the war which the American ruling class has been waging against labor?

The workers must learn that they have nothing to expect from their masters. The latter, in America as well as in Europe, hesitate not a moment to send hundred thousands of the people to their death if their interests

demand it. They are ever ready that their misguided slaves should have the national and patriotic banner over burning cities, over devastated country-sides, over homeless and starving humanity, just as long as they can find enough unfortunate victims to be drilled into man-killers, ready at the bidding of their masters to perform the ghastly task of bloodshed and carnage.

Valuable as the work of the Women's Peace Party and other earnest pacifists may be, it is folly to petition the President for peace. The workers, they alone, can avert the impending war; in fact, all wars, if they will refuse to be a party to them. The determined anti-militarist is the only pacifist. The ordinary pacifist merely moralizes; the anti-militarist acts; he refuses to be ordered to kill his brothers. His slogan is: "I will not kill, nor will I lend myself to be killed."

It is this slogan which we must spread among the workers and carry into the labor organizations. They need to realize that it is monstrously criminal to voluntarily engage in the hideous business of killing. It is terrible enough to kill in anger, in a moment of frenzy, but it is still more so to blindly obey the command of your military superiors to commit murder. The time must come when slaughter and carnage through blind obedience will not only not receive rewards, monuments, pensions and eulogies, but will be considered the greatest horror and shame of a barbaric, blood-thirsty, greed-obsessed age; a dark, hideous blotch upon civilization.

Let us understand this most valuable truth: A man has the power to act voluntarily only as long as he does not wear the uniform. Once you have donned the garb of obedience, the "voluntary" soldier becomes as much a part of the slaughter machine as his brother who was forced into military service. It is still time in our land to decide against militarism and war, to hold out determinately against compulsory military service for the murder of your fellow men. After all, America is not yet like Germany, Russia, France or England in the throes of a military regime with the mark of a Cain upon her brow. The determined stand which the workers can take individually, in groups and organizations against war will still meet with ready and enthusiastic response. It would arouse the people all over the land. As a matter

of fact, they want no war. The cry for it comes from the military cliques, the munition manufacturers and their mouthpiece, the press, this most degenerate criminal of all criminals. They all stand by the flag. Oh, yes; it's a profitable emblem that covers a multitude of sins.

It is still time to stem the bloody tide of war, by word of mouth and pen and action. The promoters of war realize that we have looked into their cards and that we know their crooked, criminal game. We know they want war to increase their profits. Very well, let them fight their own wars. We, the people of America, will not do it for them. Do you think war would then come or be kept up? Oh, I know it is difficult to arouse the workers, to make them see the truth back of the nationalistic, patriotic lie. Still we must do our share. At least we shall be free from blame should the terrible avalanche overtake us in spite of our efforts.

I for one will speak against war so long as my voice will last, now and during war. A thousand times rather would I die calling to the people of America to refuse to be obedient, to refuse military service, to refuse to murder their brothers, than I should ever give my voice in justification of war, except the one war of all the peoples against their despots and exploiters—the Social Revolution.

A LYNCH JURY IN SAN FRANCISCO CONVICTS THOMAS MOONEY—

That is the consequence of being bribed to murder honest people in their sleep.

FIVE courageous fighters for Labor's birthright of noble character and intellect, one of them a woman, are to be led to the gallows in San Francisco if the outrages committed in the trials of Billings and Mooney against truth, right, justice, find no redress. All the paraphernalia of that justice which serves the powerful and tramples the under-dog into the mud, has been on exhibition in the Mooney trial, ending with the death sentence.

The police, spies, detectives, who "collect" the evidence and "fix up" the material for the prosecution. Then the State and its attorneys, acting openly and brazenly as the servants of the wealthy classes, who furnish the money

for the legal conspiracy and won't brook no organization, no resistance from the sons and daughters of toil.

Add to these instruments of justice false testimony, bribery, threats, perjuries, a polite—as far as technicalities go—obliging judge and a jury consisting of small, prejudiced, fossilized men, perhaps not averse in some cases to flattery, favors and hand-shakes—and you have a pretty fair sample of justice as it is practiced against Labor in the law courts of our days.

However, in the Mooney trial right, truth, common sense were so strong and so obviously on the side of the defense that even with all the mentioned ghastly instruments of capitalistic justice, a verdict of guilty seemed impossible. But the prosecutors Cunha and Fickert triumphed with the help of Daniel Webster, whom Fickert plagiarized in order to obtain some catching phrases for his hell and damnation speech.

From an article written for "Organized Labor" by Bob Minor, who witnessed the shameful proceedings right on the spot, we quote the following passages:

Twenty-five witnesses swore to Mooney's alibi; seven photographs proved it. Three of these photos were those famous "alibi pictures" which had been faded out by the prosecutors so as not to show the time on the street clocks. Other photographs, newly discovered, showed the corner of Steuart and Market streets at many intervals covering the period during which Oxman swore that the defendants were at that corner in Weinberg's jitney bus. These photographs flatly disproved Oxman's statement, the time shown on the Ferry clock in the pictures making the proof absolute.

Weinberg swore that Martin Swanson, private detective for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, offered him on two occasions before the parade, $5,000 to frame up Mooney. The prosecution did not put Swanson on the stand to deny this, although dared to do so by the defense.

The defense called attention to the fact that at the very outset false evidence was deliberately manufactured to fit Swanson's theory, showing that the photographs of the "scene of the explosion" which the prosecution palmed off on the jury were not photographs of the scene of the explosion, but of a hole in the sidewalk and wall deliberately manufactured with sledgehammer and crowbar in the presence of the District Attorney by a friend of his.

An expert was called to explain the detonation of dynamite by means of a dry-cell battery. Then a supposed "dry-cell battery coil" was brought out as "found at the scene." McNutt proved that it was *not* a dry-cell coil, but a *retarding coil from a telephone switchboard, "planted" at the scene two days after the tragedy!*

All of this was proven by the State's witnesses. The only photograph of the true scene of the explosion was introduced by the defense. All of the defendants were arrested before any evidence had been obtained. The defense attorney summarized the evidence of the State's police witnesses, as well as its corroboration by Weinberg, to prove that not one single person really identified any of the defendants. Oxman did not identify Mooney, but went to the jail register and got the number of his cell before even pretending to identify him, and then identified him simply by turning in the number of his cell. Mrs. Mooney was identified by the Edeaus and Oxman, being brought out and placed face to face with them, they being *told* who she was, and then *asked* who she was. Weinberg was forced to put on his hat and was addressed by name in the presence of the Edeaus and of Oxman, and then the "identifiers" were asked, "Is this Weinberg?" In not one single instance was a real identification made. It is the universal custom wherever justice is pretended to be followed, to line up a prisoner with other prisoners and have the identifier pick him out of the crowd.

But all this was of no avail. A preconceived, carefully prearranged plan to send undesirable labor agitators to the scaffold, backed by all the powers of government and money, is hard to defeat. If Christ himself would have come to testify for Mooney the verdict would have still been the same.

Yet a new development in the case seemed to hold out some hope for at least a new trial.

Two affidavits were introduced after the jury's verdict, but before Judge Griffin had passed sentence, which strongly contradicted the testimony of Oxman, chief state-witness against whom the police apparently hold some goods, the unpacking of which would embarrass him greatly.

The most important of these affidavits is that of Mrs. Charlotte La Posee, who swore that she knew Oxman in Oregon, that on the day of the preparedness parade bomb explosion she was standing with her little son Richard and her husband in front of the Phelan Building, O'Farrell and Market Streets, that she noticed Oxman standing right near her. She fixes the time at 1:45, the hour Oxman testified he was at Steuart and Market Streets, a mile away from the Phelan Building. In spite of this and other new aspects of the case Judge Griffin denied the motion for a new trial and sentenced Mooney to die on the gallows on the 17th of May.

The labor organizations of the country will have to

come out immediately in full force and determination in behalf of Billings, Mooney, and the other three defendants —otherwise the infamous Chicago Haymarket trial, resulting in the legal murder of five of the bravest, kindest and most intelligent spokesmen of labor will repeat itself.

The stage setting in California's metropolis resembles closely that of Chicago, only the intent to kill by hook or crook, law or no law, just or unjust, is yet more obvious and savagely outspoken.

The next to appear before court in this labor drama will be Israel Weinberg. His trial has been set for March 13th.

Besides the International Defense League, California's State Federation of Labor, The Moulders' Union of San Francisco, and Chicago's Federation of Labor Unions, realizing that the whole energy and strength of the labor movement is necessary to rescue the brothers from the gallows, have taken the initiative. A powerful movement of protest and agitation from the Atlantic to the Pacific is contemplated, and it is to be hoped that neither the smallest nor the biggest labor organization will keep apart from it.

Also in New York mass meetings will be held, the halls and dates to be announced in time to give the organizations an opportunity to mobilize their membership.

Friends and organizations in the West may communicate with the International Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco; those in the East with Alexander Berkman, 20 E. 125th Street, New York City.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

BEN. L. REITMAN, M. D.

A VERY much misrepresented and talkative sort of a fellow, who used to go around agitating instead of doing honest work, is reputed to have said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." As far as I can find out from my investigations, the only thing which he gave to the world was his time and his life and his power of example.

It is just nine years since I left the dishonest practice

of medicine and the lucrative business of being a professional reformer to become Emma Goldman's manager and MOTHER EARTH's janitor, for better or for worse. I have said so often that these have been wonderful years, that my friends may weary if I repeat it. So I'll just quote Kipling, "God! What things are there I haven't done!" Well, there was one thing I hadn't done before. I had never asked MOTHER EARTH friends to raise funds for me.

For the past four weeks I have been sitting at the desk in MOTHER EARTH office waiting for my Rochester case to come up and to hear something about the Cleveland appeal. Also, I have been reading the mail. More than three hundred devoted friends have sent money to this office to save me from going to jail and to help me. Our friends have raised nearly a thousand dollars. Some of the letters that have come into this office have been heartbreaking. Little shop girls who are earning six and eight dollars a week have sent money. Workingmen with families, who I know are unable to provide all the food their children need, have sent me two and three days' wages. Friends who are only able to make one contribution a year for the revolutionary movement, have sent it to me instead of to Everett or San Francisco to help the labor men on trial there.

And I have had to take this money that has been given to me so lovingly and with such seriousness, and hand it to lawyers and for other things connected with my defense. I am not heavy on emotions. I fall in love, go to jail and take the tribulations of every day life with a good deal of grace, but never have I been so wretched as when I have had to accept the tokens of our friends' interest in birth control and free speech and lay them on the altar of false gods. The pathos of it is that so far we spent a thousand dollars, five hundred dollars more are pledged to the lawyers and nothing is done, nothing is proven. It is not at all unlikely that I shall have to serve the six months, pay the thousand dollars fine and costs in Cleveland. May I say right now, so help me Michael Bakunin, no more appeals for me. Why, last summer when I was sentenced to sixty days to the workhouse, the cost of the defense was very small. I went to jail and had the damn thing done with. But now I

must wait until next May or June or even later and then —I don't know what will happen. Only one thing is certain. I shall make no more appeal to the higher courts. If American justice can afford to have such men as Judge Dan Cull sentence me to jail for six months (seven years if the fine is not paid), then I can afford to go to jail. For if Ethel Byrne, Margaret Sanger and Ben Reitman in jail and Mooney, Weinberg and Nolan hung won't spur the people to action, I swear to Christ I don't know what will.

Talking about giving, radicals and revolutionists have been most generous. They are always giving to something and there is always something for them to give to. Twenty-five years ago it was the Chicago Anarchists. Nearly half a million dollars were raised for them and they died a beautiful death. Ten years ago it took about a hundred thousand dollars to save Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone from the gallows. Five years ago about fifty thousand dollars were raised for the Lawrence and Paterson strikes and incidentally to save Ettor and Giovanitti. The McNamara trial cost a hundred thousand dollars; Caplan and Schmidt's trial almost half as much. It's only the other day that the workers, mostly the Italians, had to scrape together over twenty thousand dollars to prevent Tresca, Scarlett and Smith from being railroaded to the gallows. We have had to raise more than fifteen thousand dollars to defend Mooney and he didn't even get a chance. Yes, it's terrible to think of it. The working class are not only exploited in the mills, in the mines and in the factories and robbed when they go to the stores to buy things back, and held up for taxes when they try to establish a little home, but they are constantly compelled to pay tribute to the courts. There are about eight hundred thousand cells in the jails of America. Many of them are waiting for the men and women who are loving humanity and hating injustice and tyranny enough to defy capitalistic laws and take the consequences. There are thousands of lawyers, sitting around in their offices expressing a pseudo interest in radical ideas and waiting to take "a small fee." So far as I can recall the struggles of the American people for economic freedom, the right to obtain birth control knowledge and free speech have only provoked three lawyers

to action: one is Theodore Schroeder and the others Bourke Cockran and Harry Weinberger.

Well, I suppose you'll ask what we are going to do about it. That isn't so simple. As far as my Cleveland case is concerned, I have a gambler's chance. There is about one chance to four that I'll get a new trial or have the decision reversed. And the only possible justification I can offer for spending the money of our friends is that we can do propaganda. Never again will Cleveland be able to say that there is free speech or free press in its domain. If it ever existed, it died with Tom Johnson. Now if we can prove to the American public that there is neither free speech nor free press nor justice in the courts, we have accomplished something. If we can demonstrate to the poor, hard working parents that the Church and the State have no desire that the workers should have control over their own bodies or prevent slaves and cripples from being born, the money will not have been spent in vain. And maybe when people realize how great an enemy the government and the courts really are, they will do something to teach our exploiters and authorities that it is not an undangerous thing to take the liberty and the life from those whose only desire is to build a world without poverty, wars and unhappy children.

Now, my friends, in closing I won't say "much obliged" for your generous response to our appeal. I just want to say that you taught me that it is more blessed to give than to receive and I am determined to go on doing birth control propaganda and everything else that I think will educate the people. This experience made me realize that I have had the joy of comradeship and the devotion

Ben Reitman's trial in Rochester, Feb. 28, ended with an acquittal. More about it in next issue.

* * *

HUNGER REVOLTS THE OUTCOME OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY

ISN'T it strange, dear economists, chief editors and financial writers of the leading papers and magazines, that our "national prosperity" has culminated in starvation riots and hunger revolts?

Yes, into this "unparalleled prosperity" breaks fero-

cious King Hunger and threatens in his wrath to overturn the tables of the money changers in the temple of Mammon.

To your mind it must have been rather a surprise since you expressed so much patriotic zeal and enthusiasm over the grand opportunity of the United States to capture the trade of the world. This grand opportunity being the fact, that civilization has been turned into a shambles.

On the strength of this murderous game you proclaimed the arrival of the fat years, and indeed, never before have the American trusts, plutocrats, gamblers, sellers, traders, and share-holders reaped so many millions and billions of profit.

There was only one grave mistake in these inspiring calculations—*the reapers of this bloody golden harvest are not the people.* No, they are the exploiters of the people, and their frantic, greedy endeavor to sell the products of American soil and labor on terms and prices of usury to the warring countries of Europe must by necessity create misery, starvation, hunger in the masses of the people to a still greater extent than this country is already blessed with in "normal times."

No profound knowledge in economics is necessary to grasp these facts. Even the economists, financial writers, and editors must have understood the situation, and it is safe to say that they did not write lies all the time out of ignorance, but out of cunning, bluffing, patriotic hypocrisy, serving their masters by deliberately deceiving the people about the true character of our wonderful prosperity.

It is also worth while to have a look at the federal, state and municipal governments in this connection. They have within the last months succeeded in burdening the people with numerous reactionary bills and measures for the purpose of promoting militarism, war, universal military training, including even the boys and girls of the public schools, colleges and universities. Neither have they forgotten to increase police power and brutality in handling "unruly crowds"; but now that starvation and hunger stalk through the country, demonstrate in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and de-

mand relief, these governments have nothing to offer but red tape, vague promises, excuses and investigations.

Gov. Whitman and Mayor Mitchel have been disagreeably impressed by the hunger demonstrations. Hundreds of poor women with hungry children at home marching to City Hall and demanding cheaper food—that is by no means an entirely orderly procedure. Such demonstrations preceded the great French Revolution. Like Dickens's Mr. Podsnap, the Governor and Mayor would like to shove such undignified behavior far out of their sight.

In the United States harbors and bays many ships laden with food-stuffs and other products lie idle, waiting for a safe opportunity to sail to Europe in order to feed the war-monster with American supplies. Immense quantities of these products will be spoiled: enormous quantities have already been destroyed, thrown overboard in order not to depress the market in regard to the high prices, which millions of people are unable to pay and which in consequence condemn them and their children to meagre rations, privations and diseases.

The cold storage plants and warehouses are also filled with food products and other necessary supplies; but neither these plants nor the idle ships laden with food can be touched, because they are the sacred, private property of the war-promoters, food gamblers, and all-around skinners of the people of both hemispheres.

There would be plenty of food for all but the authorities have "no legal power to act," as Mayor Mitchel expresses it. No, they have only the power to club, arrest and condemn to jail those suffering women and men who have become tired of starvation and of seeing their children's faces grow paler and paler from lack of sufficient nourishment. Instead of seeing to it that the hungry get food, the police were let loose on them. In New York dozens of women demonstrators have been arrested and already a Judge has been found who consoled the rich and prosperous by his pronounced intention to send these women for six months to the Island if he has a say in the trials. Some of the women landed in hospitals, suffering injuries inflicted upon them by the uniformed protectors of wealth, luxury and property. In Philadelphia many arrests took place and during one of the sugar

strike and starvation demonstrations a man was killed and a woman trampled under foot.

There has not one single practical step been undertaken by the city, state or federal officials to bring real relief to a hungry, underfed population.

No cheap food is available for the masses, but cheap menus, cheap advice and cheap proposals of new regulations and laws are abounding in great variety.

The gamblers and speculators faithfully trust in the strong arm of the law for the protection of their filthy lucre. The authorities have no legal power to act when it comes to relieve the people of starvation and the people have not insight, solidarity and courage enough to practically take matters into their own hands, and by so doing pave the way towards Communism under which the workers would not be machine-like slaves of capitalistic speculation, but would work as free men and equals to satisfy the needs of their own and their fellowmen.

OBITUARY

James Guillaume

THE international labor movement, the anarchists and syndicalists, have lost one of their earliest pioneers. James Guillaume, the friend and co-worker of Bakunin, has died in Switzerland.

He witnessed the first awakening of the militant international spirit in the laboring classes of all countries governed by capitalism and its servant, statecraft.

When on the 28th of September, 1864, at a meeting in St. Martin's Hall, London, the International Workingmen's Association came to life a new dawn flamed up on the horizon and created strong hopes and visions all leading up to the future, when the barriers and prejudices between peoples would fall, and knowledge, solidarity, courage, would enable the working people of the earth to throw down the yoke of oppression and servitude.

It was to this spirit, these convictions that the life of James Guillaume was consecrated. To the very last he remained their noble knight, whom neither disappointment with individuals nor impatience with the slow

growth of freedom's true army could lure from the right path.

When in the *Internationale* the unavoidable clash between revolutionists and politicians, between authoritarians and anti-authoritarians occurred, James Guillaume stood with Bakunin, and others against Karl Marx and his followers. They contended that political socialism as Marx and Engels expounded it would inevitably lead to the surrender of the interests of the proletariat to the state and to a new deception and enslavement under the political machinery of the ruling classes. The history of the labor movement of the last fifty years as far as it followed the lead of parliamentary socialism has proved this contention to be only too true.

Out of these travails in the ranks of the *Internationale* Anarchist Communism, and the anti-political principles of syndicalism, direct action, anti-militarism, general strike were born. James Guillaume was one of the most clear-sighted early propagandists of these principles, which later were more elaborated by the writings of thinkers and authors like Peter Kropotkin, Eliseé Reclus, Errico Malatesta, Domela Nieuwenhuis, Emile Pouget.

While Bakunin expounded the philosophy of the social-revolutionary movement, James Guillaume was its practical counsellor and organizer. Later he also became the historian of the *Internationale*. His grand masterly work *L'Internationale, documents et souvenirs*, is so rich in material that it has become the one great source for the writers and students who want to gain insight and knowledge as to the beginnings of the modern international labor movement.

In spite of world-wide slaughter there are hundreds of men and women in all of the belligerent countries who will at least in spirit assemble and join hands around the grave of James Guillaume to renew the pledge never to give up the noble fight for solidarity, international cooperation between individuals, groups, and countries.

* * *

Octave Mirbeau

From Paris comes the report that Octave Mirbeau has died there, 57 years of age.

Amongst the French writers of the last decades who

analyzed and attacked our decayed bourgeois society, Octave Mirbeau was the most daring and passionate. The satire in his essays, short stories, novels directed against smug satiated philisticism, against church, politics, militarism, is of the fierce, savage kind. He well knew the art how to unmask the priest, the judge, the "representative of the people," the "great military leader." He was an artist who commanded great power for realistic description, and psychological analysis, which made him an equal of Emile Zola and Anatole France, in company with whom he fought the plotters and forgers of the Dreyfus case.

He was the exponent of the most advanced radical, revolutionary philosophy. His strong sympathies were very often found on the side of the Anarchists. For Jean Graves' *Moribund Society*, he wrote an introduction and paid a glowing tribute to the disinterestedness, grand simplicity, and courage of Ravachol, who went to the guillotine undaunted and with a revolutionary, "blasphemous" song on his lips. The unfortunates and outcasts find in Mirbeau their champion. In dealing with them he becomes the understanding, humane, generous brother, who would like to carry them out of misery and mire in his arms.

When a certain Mr. Piot proposed a law to the French *Senate* for the purpose of checking birth control, Mirbeau wrote:

I dispute that depopulation is an evil. In a social state like ours, in a social state which fosters preciously, scientifically, in special cultures, poverty and its derivative, crime; in a social state which, in spite of new discoveries and in spite of new philosophies, relies chiefly on the prehistoric forces—murder and massacre—what matters to the people this much-discussed question of depopulation? If the people were intelligent, logical in their wretchedness and their servitude, they would desire, not the cessation of depopulation, but its redoubling. We are constantly being told that depopulation is the gravest danger which threatens the future of the country. In what, pray, dear Monsieur Piot, and you also excellent legislators, who lull us with your accursed twaddle? In this, you say, that there will come inevitably a time when we shall no more have enough men to send out to be killed in the Soudan, in Madagascar, in China, in the *bagnes*, and in the barracks. You are dreaming of repeopling, then, only for the sake of depeopling later on? Ah, no, thank you! If we must die, we like better to die at once and by a death of our own choosing.

Politics and politicians Mirbeau characterized in the following sentences:

Look at the employer; sure he tries to sit heavy on your back but he is a man like you. One can speak to him, move him, threaten him, kill him. He has at least a visage. But go and move this being without visage called politician! Go kill this thing called politics—this slimy, slippery thing which you think you hold and which always escapes you, which you believe dead and which always comes to life again. This abominable thing by which everything has been debased, everything corrupted, everything bought, everything sold—justice, love, beauty!—which has made venality of conscience a national institution; which has done worse still, since with its filthy slaver it has befouled the august face of the poor! Worse still, since it has destroyed in you your last ideal—faith in revolution.

ANARCHIST MORALITY

By PETER KROPOTKIN

(Conclusion)

VIII.

THUS far, our analysis has but set forth the simple principles of equality. We have revolted and invited others to revolt, against those who assume the right to treat their fellows otherwise than they would like to be treated themselves; against those, who not themselves wishing to be deceived, exploited, prostituted or ill-used, yet behave thus to others. Lying, brutality and so forth are repulsive, we have said, not because they are disapproved by codes of morality—a fig for codes—but because such conduct revolts the sense of equality in every one to whom equality is not an empty word; and above all does it revolt him who is a true Anarchist in his way of thinking and acting.

If nothing but this simple, natural principle were generally applied in life, a very lofty morality would be the result; a morality comprising all that moralists have taught.

The principle of equality sums up the teachings of moralists. But it also contains something more. This something more is respect for the individual. By proclaiming our morality of equality of Anarchism, we refuse to assume a right which moralists have always taken upon themselves to claim, that of annihilating the individual in the name of some ideal. We do not recognize this right at all, for ourselves or any one else.

We recognize the full and complete liberty of the individual; we desire the free development of all his faculties. We wish to impose nothing upon him; thus returning to the principle which Fourier placed in opposition to religious morality when he said: Leave men absolutely free; do not mutilate them, as religions have done enough and to spare. Do not fear even their passions; in a *free* society these are not dangerous.

Provided that you yourself do not abdicate your freedom; provided that you yourself do not allow others to enslave you; and provided that to the violent and antisocial passions of this or that person you oppose your equally vigorous social passions, then you have nothing to fear from liberty.*

We renounce the idea of mutilating the individual in the name of any ideal whatsoever. All we reserve to ourselves is the frank expression of our sympathies and antipathies towards what seems to us good or bad. Such a man deceives his friends. It is his bent, his character to do so. Very well, it is our character, our bent to despise liars. And as this is our character, let us be frank. Do not let us rush and press him to our bosom or cordially shake hands with him, as is sometimes done to-day. Let us vigorously oppose our active passion to his.

This is all we have the right to do, this is all the duty we have to perform to keep up the principle of equality in society. It is the principle of equality in practice.

But what of the murderer, the man who debauches children? The murderer who kills from sheer thirst for blood is excessively rare. He is a madman to be cured or avoided. As for the debauchee, let us first of all look to it that society does not pervert our children's feelings, then we shall have little to fear from rakes.

All this, it must be understood, is not *completely* applicable until the great sources of moral depravity—capitalism, religion, justice, government—shall have ceased to exist. But the greater part of it may be put in practice from this day forth.

Until now humanity has never been without large natures overflowing with tenderness, with intelligence, with

*Of all modern authors, the Norwegian Ibsen has best expressed these ideas in his dramas.

will, and using their feeling, their intellect, their active force in the service of the human race without asking anything in return.

This fertility of mind, of feeling or of will takes all possible forms. It is in the passionate seeker after truth, who renounces all other pleasures to throw his energy into the search of what he believes true and right, contrary to the affirmations of the ignorance around him. It is in the ardent revolutionist, to whom the joys of art, of science, seem bitter so long as they cannot be shared by all, and who works, despite misery and persecution, for the regeneration of the world. It is in the youth, who, hearing of the atrocities of invasion, and taking literally the heroic legends of patriotism, inscribes himself in a volunteer corps, and marches bravely through snow and hunger until he falls beneath the bullets. It was in the Paris street arab, with his quick intelligence and bright choice of aversions and sympathies, who ran to the ramparts with his little brother, stood amid the rain of shells, and died murmuring: "Hurrah for the Commune!" It is in the man who at the sight of a wrong, without waiting to ask what will be the result to himself, stands up to unmask the iniquity, and braud the exploiter, the petty despot of a factory or the great tyrant of an empire. Finally, it is in all those numberless acts of devotion, which may be continually observed, especially among women, if we will take the trouble to open our eyes and notice what lies at the very foundation of human life, and enables it to enfold itself one way or another, in spite of the exploitation and oppression it undergoes.

Such men and women as these, some in obscurity, some within a larger arena, create the progress of mankind. And mankind is aware of it. This is why it encompasses such lives with reverence, with myths. It adorns them, makes them the subject of stories, songs, romances. It adores in them the courage, goodness, love and devotion which are lacking in most of us. It transmits their memory to the young. It recalls even those who have acted only in the narrow circle of home and friends, and reveres their memory in family tradition.

Men and women like these make true morality. Without their courage, their devotion, humanity would remain in the mire of petty calculations. It is such men

and women as these who prepare the morality of the future, which will come when our children have ceased to *reckon,* and grown up to the idea that the best use for all energy, courage, love, everything, is to expend it where the need is most strongly felt.

Such courage, such devotion has existed in every age. It is to be met with among sociable animals. It is to be found among men, even during the most degraded epochs.

And religions have always sought to appropriate it, to turn it into current coin for their own benefit.

To explain it, moralists of various schools have fallen into errors, which we have previously pointed out. It is the young philosopher Guyau, an unconsciously Anarchist thinker, who has indicated the true origin of such courage and devotion, independent alike of all mystic force and all those commercial calculations so quaintly imagined by the English utilitarian school. Where Kantian, positivist and evolutionary philosophy have failed, Anarchist philosophy has found the way.

The origin of such qualities, says Guyau, is the feeling of one's own force. *It is overflowing life which seeks to spread.* "To feel within oneself that one is capable of acting, is at the same time to become conscious of what it is one's duty to do."

"Duty is nothing but a superabundance of life, which demands to be exercised, to give itself; at the same time, it is the consciousness of a power."

All accumulated force creates a pressure upon the obstacles placed before it. *Power* to act is *duty* to act. And all this moral "obligation," of which so much has been said or written, thus stripped of all mysticism, is reduced to the conception: *the condition of the maintenance of life is its expansion.*

"The plant cannot prevent itself from flowering. Sometimes, to flower means to die. Never mind, the sap mounts all the same," concludes the young Anarchist philosopher.

It is the same with the human being, when he is full of force and energy. Force accumulates in him. He expands his life. He gives without calculation, otherwise he could not live. If he must die, like the flower when it blooms, never mind.

Be strong. Overflow with emotional and intellectual

energy, and you will spread your intelligence, your love, your energy of action broadcast among others! This is what all moral teaching comes to stripped of the hypocrisies of oriental asceticism.

IX.

That which mankind admires in a truly moral man is his energy, the exuberance of life which urges him to give his intelligence, his feeling, his action, asking nothing in return.

The strong thinker, the man overflowing with intellectual life, naturally seeks to spread his ideas. There is no pleasure in thinking unless the thought is communicated to others. It is only the mentally poverty-stricken man, who, after he has painfully hunted up some idea, carefully hides it that later on he may label it with his own name.

The same with regard to feeling. "We are not enough for ourselves: we have more tears than our own sufferings claim, more capacity for joy than our own existence can justify," says Guyau, thus summing up the whole question of morality in a few admirable lines, caught from nature. The solitary being is wretched, restless, because he cannot share his thoughts and feelings with others. When we feel some great pleasure, we wish to let others know that we exist, we feel, we love, we live, we struggle, we fight.

Nothing mysterious in all this, once you look upon a human being as a compound of nervous and cerebral centers acting independently. Waver between the various feelings striving within you, and you will soon end by breaking the harmony of the organism; you will be a sick person without will. The intensity of your life will decrease. In vain will you seek for compromises. Never more will you be the complete, strong, vigorous being you were when your acts were in accordance with the ideal conceptions of your brain.

X.

And now before we close let us say a word concerning those two terms, *altruism* and *egoism,* which continually grate upon our ears.

Until now we have not even mentioned them, for the simple reason that we cannot see the distinction between

them which the English moralists have striven to establish.

When we say "Do unto others as we would they should do unto us" do we advocate altruism or egoism? Rather we take a higher standpoint and say "The happiness of each is closely bound up with the happiness of all about him. Perhaps a few years of comparative happiness are possible in a society based upon the misfortune of others, but such happiness is built upon sand It cannot last, the least thing is enough to wreck it, and it is miserably petty compared with the happiness possible to a community of equals. So whenever you aim at the general good, you will act well!"—when we say this, are we preaching altruism or egoism? We simply state a fact.

And let us add a pharaphrase of Guyau's words: "Be strong; be *great* in your every action: develop your life in every direction; be as rich as possible in energy, and to this end be the most social and sociable of beings, if you desire to enjoy a full, perfect and fruitful life. Always guided by a fully developed intelligence, struggle, venture into danger—for danger has its own great pleasures,—throw your strength without taking count of it, throw all you have, into everything that you feel to be great and good,—then will you enjoy the maximum of happiness. Be *one* with the masses; then, whatever may happen to you in life, you will feel that the hearts of those you honor are beating in unison with yours; while those of the men you despise are at variance with you." When we say this, are we teaching altruism or egoism?

To struggle, to look danger in the face, to jump into the water that we may save, not a human being only, but even a cat; to live on dry bread in order to put an end to iniquities that revolt us; to feel ourselves in harmony with such as are worthy of love; to feel ourselves loved by them, this for a weak philosopher perhaps means self-sacrifice. But for the man or woman filled with energy, force, vigor and youth it is the conscious joy of life. Is this egoism? Is it altruism?

As a rule the moralists who have built up their systems on a supposed opposition between the altruistic and the egoistic sentiment, have gone astray. If this opposition were real, if the interests of the individual man were

really opposed to those of society, the human race could never have come into being; no animal species could have attained to its present development. If it were not an immense pleasure to all the ants to work for the well-being of the colony, the colony could never have existed, and the ant would not be what it is—the most highly developed creature among insects; a creature whose brain, which can be with difficulty seen under the magnifying glass, is almost as powerful as the average brain of man. Were birds not to find an intense pleasure in their migrations, in the care they take to rear their brood, in common action to defend their communities from birds of prey, the bird would never have arrived at the state of development to which it has attained. In place of progressing the bird-type would have retrograded.

So when Spencer looks forward to a time when the welfare of the individual member will be merged in the welfare of the species, he forgets one little thing, that *if the two had not been for all ages identical,* the evolution even of the animal kingdom, could never have been worked out.

There has ever been there always is, in the animal kingdom and in the human species, an enormous number of individual beings who *do not understand* that the welfare of the individual member and that of the species are in reality identical. They do not understand that, while to *live* an intense life is the aim of each individual member, the greatest intensity of life is to be found in the greatest sociableness, in the most complete identification of oneself with others. But this is only a lack of intelligence, a lack of understanding.

The distinction between egoism and altruism is absurd in our eyes. That is why we have said nothing of the compromises that man, if we are to believe the utilitarians, is always making between his egoistic and altruistic sentiments. Such compromises can have no existence for the man who knows his own mind. What really takes place in the present condition of life, if we seek to live in comformity with our principles of equality, is that at every step we feel them outraged.

However modest may be our food and our bed, we are Rothschilds in comparison with him who sleeps under bridges and is often in need of a piece of dry bread. In

however small a degree we may give ourselves up to intellectual and artistic enjoyment, we are still Rothschilds in comparison with the millons who come home stupefied by incessant toil, who can take no delight in art or science, and will die without having ever known these higher pleasures.

We have now reached the end of our explanation. There are epochs we have said, in which the moral conception changes entirely. A man perceives that what he had considered moral is the deepest immorality. In some instances it is a custom, a venerated tradition, that is fundamentally immoral; in others we find a moral system framed in the interests of a single class. We cast them overboard and raise the cry "Down with morality!" It becomes a duty to act "immorally."

Let us welcome such epochs, for they are epochs of criticism; they are a sure sign that thought is working in society. A higher morality has begun to develop.

* * *

AN AVERAGE MAN'S AVERAGE MIND

Jersey City, N. J., February 13, 1917.

ANNA M. SLOAN:

Your letter asking me to contribute $5.00 for Emma Goldman's "campaign" received.

I have no desire to contribute to the support of a man, MUCH LESS a woman, who teaches innocent young girls immoral doctrines and advises them to satisfy their sexual impulses before marriage. Her lecture some time ago on "Sex Suppression and Expression" was a disgrace to modern society, and if you understand the psychology of men, you know how such sentiments appeal to them.

As far as I am concerned, I have no respect whatever for any woman who tries to be "broad-minded," or who speaks freely on sexual matters, neither have I any use for the so-called modern woman who endeavors to lower the moral standards of her sex.

However, you will notice that the people that attend Emma Goldman's lectures are not of the "right kind" from an inspection of their general appearance and manners, and I have found that the majority of citizens, even in this worst of all cities, think that she is "just crazy." There have always been radicals in this world who are forever warring on society and existing conditions and

who look upon society as a beast does upon his prey, but happily, the majority of minds are strong enough and good enough to ignore their teachings.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA.

Emma Goldman will speak on March 13th, 8 P. M., in North Broad Street Drawing Rooms, 715 North Broad St. Subject: The Speculators in War and Starvation.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. By Martin Anderson Nexo. New York: Henry Holt. 4 vols., each $1.50.

THE SEXUAL CRISIS. By Grete Meisel-Hess. Introduction by William J. Robinson, M.D. New York: The Critic and Guide Company, 12 Mt. Morris Park, West; $3.00.

WOMAN: HER SEX AND LOVE LIFE. By William J. Robinson, M.D. Illustrated. New York: The Critic and Guide Company; $3.00.

SEX KNOWLEDGE FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS. By William J. Robinson, M.D. New York: The Critic and Guide Company; $1.00.

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. A critical study. By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD. By Baron Vane. Middleton, Pa. Horal McNair.

THEIR COURT AND OUR CLASS. One Act Sketch. By Walker C. Smith, 7407 10th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash. 10 cents a copy; $6.00 a hundred; not less than 50 at wholesale price.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DEFENSE FUND OF BEN REITMAN'S BIRTH CONTROL TRIALS.

One Dollar.

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